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Drop Me In The Middle

Words and Music by Danielle Brisebois, Wayne Rodrigues, Natasha Bedingfield and Rufus Johnson

♩ = 93

Cm Fm6 G E♭ Cm Fm6 G E♭

Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh. Oh, oh, oh, oh, oh.

Cm9

Here go my girl Natasha from the low end.

I

Cm9

think I've found the re - ci - pe for cre - a - ti - vi - ty, put all you got
Think I'll change the temp' - ra - ture till it's the right wea - ther, here in the core.

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then add_ some heart.— They fence us in— to break us down, but still the place_can't shut_ us out._ The
it's get - ting warm._ Too ma - ny chan - nels, no - thing on,— to turn it off— it just_ takes one._

Not 2nd time

walls are thin— but still— they're strong. We're brok - en but— we beat— as one.—

Cm9

(Ho!) Com-ing from the streets of Lon - don, what I'm say - ing hap-pens ev - 'ry - where.
(Ho!) Com-ing from the streets of Lon - don, what I'm say - ing hap-pens ev - 'ry - where.

(Bo!) Just try'n to do some - thing dif - fe - rent some-thing dif - fe - rent.
(Bo!) Just try'n to do some - thing dif - fe - rent some-thing dif - fe - rent.

(Ho!) Peo-ple stand-ing on the side just watch - ing like they're scared or they just don't care.
(So) if you're stand-ing on the side just watch - ing get up, get___ ov - er here.

N.C.

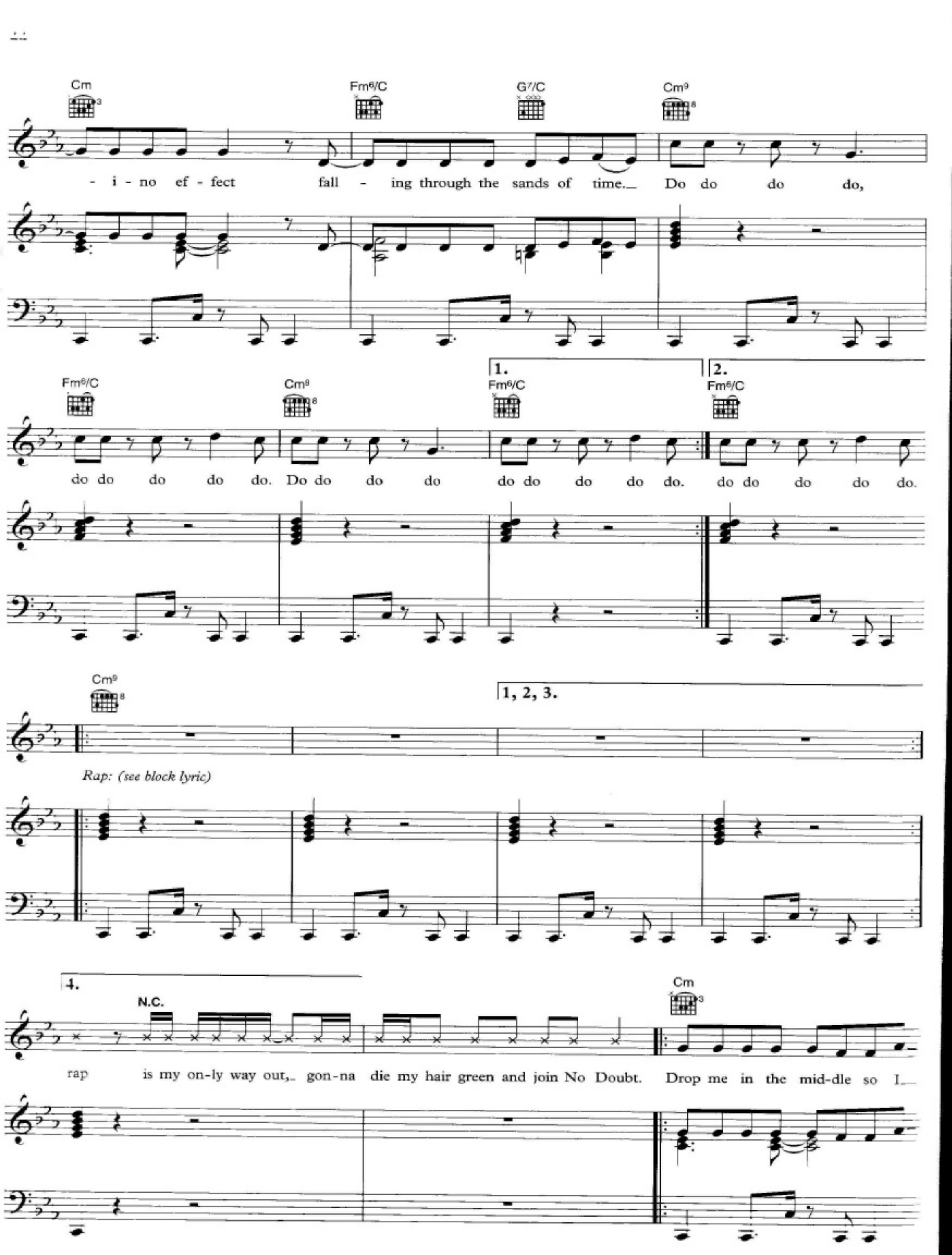
(Oh!) But I wan-na be where it's hap - pen-ing, where it's hap-pen-ing.
(Oh!) 'Cause you got - ta be where it's hap - pen-ing, where it's hap-pen-ing.

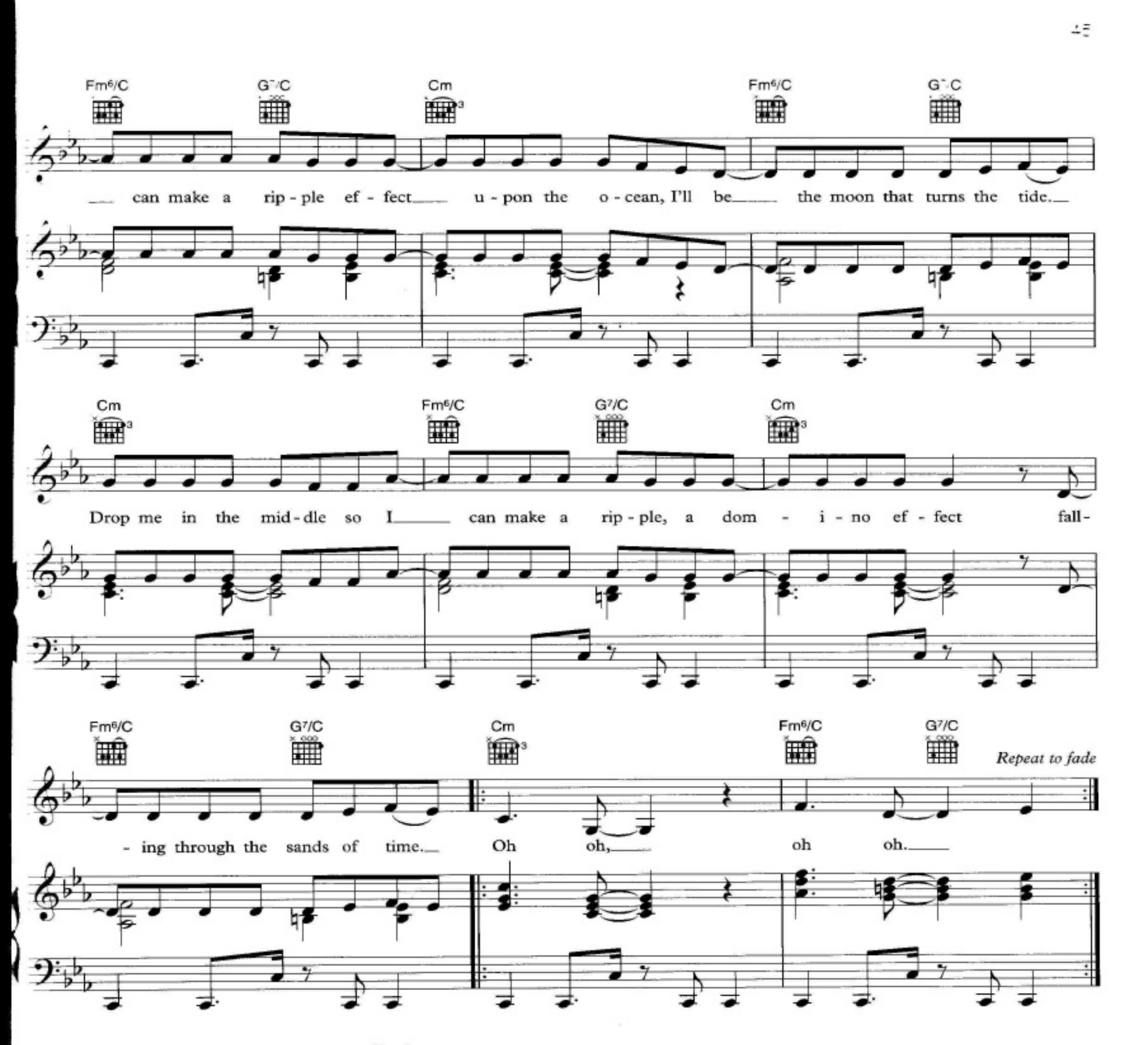
Cm Fm6/C G7/C Cm

Drop me in the mid-dle so I___ can make a rip-ple ef - fect___ u - pon the o - cean, I'll be___

Fm6/C G7/C Cm Fm6/C G7/C

___ the moon that turns the tide.___ Drop me in the mid-dle so I___ can make a rip-ple, a dom-


Cm
Fm6/C
G7/C
Cm9
- i - no ef - fect fall - ing through the sands of time. Do do do do,
Fm6/C
Cm9
Fm6/C
Fm6/C
do do do do do. Do do do do do do do do do. do do do do do.
Cm9
1, 2, 3.
Rap: (see block lyric)
4.
N.C.
Cm
rap is my on-ly way out, gon-na die my hair green and join No Doubt. Drop me in the mid-dle so I



(Rap)
Bizarre, the big kid that raps
A thousand kids with shower caps, how d'ya like that?
People hear D12, they start runnin'
'Cause we've been partyin' from Detroit to London.
Autographs and hugs, wherever you want it,
Matter of fact, you can rub on my big stomach.
Born in the ghetto, raised in the ghetto,
I need a medal for getting the hell out the ghetto.
'Cause all I do is rap and eat steaks,
I wish the world were a better place.
'Cause when you're up they try to take you down,
Mess your day up, turn your smile into a frown.
If you ain't worried, then I ain't either,
Come on Bush, make Bizarre the leader.
'Cause rap is my only way out,
I'm gonna die my hair green and join No Doubt.